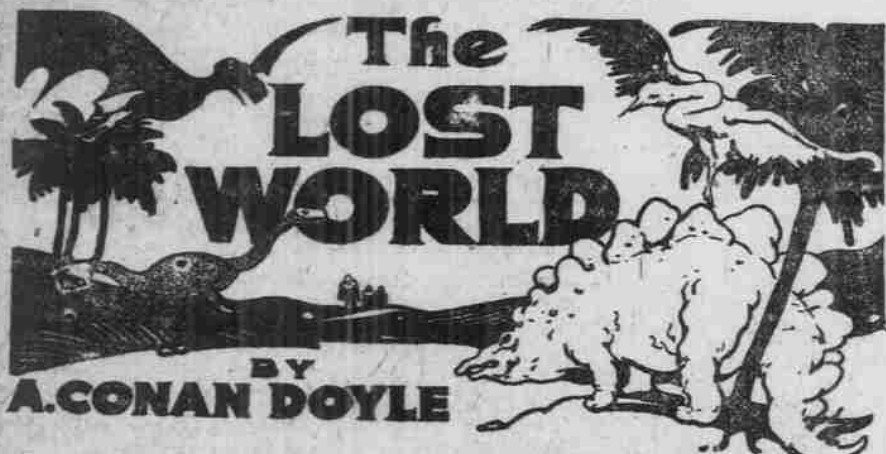


15 Words 15c Farmer Classified Ads Phone 1208



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(Continued.)

Lake Gladys—my own lake—lay like a sheet of quicksilver before me, with a reflected moon shining brightly in the center of it. It was shallow, for in many places I saw low sand banks protruding above the water. Every where upon the still surface I could see signs of life, sometimes the gleam of a great silver sided fish in the air, sometimes the arched, slate colored back of some passing monster. Once upon a yellow sand bank I saw a creature like a huge swan, with a clumsy body and a high, flexible neck, shuffling about upon the margin. Presently it plunged in, and for some time I could see the arched neck and darting head undulating over the water. Then it dived, and I saw it no more.

My attention was soon drawn away from these distant sights and brought back to what was going on at my very feet. Two creatures like large armadillos had come down to the drinking place and were squatting at the edge of the water, their long, flexible tongues, like red ribbons, shooting in and out as they lapped. A huge deer, with branching horns, a magnificent creature, which carried itself like a king, came down with its doe and two fawns and drank beside the armadillos. No such deer exist anywhere else upon earth, for the moose or elk which I have seen would hardly have reached its shoulders. Presently it gave a warning snort and was off with its family among the reeds, while the armadillos also scuttled for shelter. A newcomer, a most monstrous animal, was coming down the path.

For a moment I wondered where I could have seen that ungainly shape, that arched back with triangular fringes along it, that strange, birdlike head held close to the ground. Then it came back to me. It was the stegosaurus—the very creature which Mapie White had preserved in his sketch-book and which had been the first object which arrested the attention of Challenger! There he was, perhaps the very specimen which the American artist had encountered. The ground shook beneath his tremendous weight, and his gulphing of water rounded the still night. For five minutes he was so close to my rock that by stretching out my hand I could have touched the hideous waving hankies upon his back. Then he lumbered away and was lost among the bowlders.

Looking at my watch, I saw that it was half past 2 o'clock and high time, therefore, that I started upon my homeward journey. There was no difficulty about the direction in which I should return, for all along I had kept the little brook upon my left, and it opened into the central lake within a stone's throw of the bowlder upon which I had been lying. I set off, therefore, in high spirits, for I felt that I had done good work and was taking back a fine budget of news for my companions.

I was plodding up the slope, turning these thoughts over in my mind, and had reached a point which may have been halfway home when my mind was brought back to my own position by a strange noise behind me. It was something between a snore and a growl, low, deep and exceedingly menacing. Some strange creature was evidently near me, but nothing could be seen, so I hastened more rapidly upon my way. I had traversed half a mile or so when suddenly the sound was repeated, still behind me, but louder and more menacing than before. My heart stood still within me as it flashed across me that the beast, whatever it was, must surely be after me. I was petrified with terror.

I stood like a man paralyzed, still staring at the ground which I had traversed. Then suddenly I saw it. There was movement among the bushes at the far end of the clearing which I had just traversed. A great dark shadow disengaged itself and hopped out into the clear moonlight. I say "hopped" advisedly, for the beast showed like a kangaroo, springing along in an erect position upon its powerful hind legs, while its front ones were held bent in front of it. It was of enormous size and power, like an erect elephant, but its movements, in spite of its bulk, were exceedingly alert. For a moment, as I saw its shape, I hoped that it was an iguanodon, which I knew to be harmless, but, ignorant as I was, I soon saw that this was a very different creature. Instead of the gentle, deer shaped head of the great three toed, leaf-eating beast, this beast had a broad, squat, foal-like face like that which had alarmed us in our camp. His ferocious cry and the horrible energy of his pursuit both assured me that this was surely one of the great flesh eating dinosaurs, the most terrible beasts which have ever walked this earth.

Even now when I think of that nightmare the sweat breaks out upon my brow. What could I do? My useless frowning place was in my hand—What help could I get from that? I looked desperately round for some rock or tree, but I was in a bushy jungle with nothing higher than a sapling within sight, while I knew that the creature

behind me could tear down an ordinary tree as though it were a reed. My only possible chance lay in flight. I



With a Scream of Terror I Turned and Rushed Wildly Down the Path.

could not move swiftly over the rough, broken ground, but as I looked round me in despair I saw a well marked, hard beaten path which ran across in front of me. We had seen several of the sort, the runs of various wild beasts, during our expedition. Along this I could perhaps hold my own, for I was a fast runner and in excellent condition. Flinging away my useless gun, I set myself to do such a half mile as I have never done before or since. My limbs ached, my chest heaved, I felt that my throat would burst for want of air, and yet with that horror behind me I ran and I ran and ran. At last I reached, hardly able to move, for a moment I thought that I had thrown him off. The path lay still behind me. And then suddenly, with a crashing and a rending, a thudding of giant feet and a panting of monster lungs, the beast was upon me once more. He was at my very heels, I was lost.

Madman that I was to linger so long before I fled! Up to then he had hunted by scent, and his movement was slow. But he had actually seen me as I started to run. From then onward he had hunted by sight, for the path showed him where I had gone. Now, as he came round the curve, he was springing in great bounds. The moonlight shone upon his huge projecting eyes, the row of enormous teeth in his open mouth, and the gleaming fringes of claws upon his short, powerful forearms. With a scream of terror I turned and rushed wildly down the path. Behind me the thick, gasping breathing of the creature sounded louder and louder. His heavy footfall was beside me. Every instant I expected to feel his grip upon my back. And then suddenly there came a crash—I was falling through space, and everything beyond was darkness and rest.

As I emerged from my unconsciousness—which could not, I think, have lasted more than a few minutes—I was aware of a most dreadful and penetrating smell. Putting out my hand in the darkness, I came upon something which felt like a huge lump of meat, while my other hand closed upon a large bone. Up above me there was a circle of starlit sky, which showed me that I was lying at the bottom of a deep pit. Slowly I staggered to my feet and felt myself all over. I was stiff and sore from head to foot, but there was no limb which would not move, no joint which would not bend. It was, as I have said, a pit with sharply sloping walls and a level bottom about twenty feet across. This bottom was littered with great goblets of flesh, most of which was in the last state of putridity. The atmosphere was poisonous and horrible. After tripping and stumbling over these lumps of decay I came suddenly against something hard, and I found that an ancient post was firmly fixed in the center of the hollow. It was so high that I could not reach the top of it with my hand, and it appeared to be covered with grease.

Suddenly I remembered that I had a tin box of wax vestas in my pocket. Striking one of them, I was able at last to form some opinion of this place into which I had fallen. There could be no question as to its nature. It was a trap—made by the hand of man. The post in the center, some nine feet long, was sharpened at the upper end, and was black with the stale blood of the creatures who had been impaled upon it.

The remains scattered about were fragments of the victims, which had been cut away in order to clear the stake for the next who might blunder in. I remembered that Challenger had declared that man could not exist upon the plateau, since with his feeble weapons he could not hold his own

against the monsters who roamed over it.

But now it was clear enough how it could be done. In their narrow mouthed caves the natives, whoever they might be, had refuges into which the huge saurians could not penetrate, while with their developed brains they were capable of setting such traps, covered with branches, across the paths which marked the run of the animals as would destroy them in spite of all their strength and activity. Man was always the master.

The sloping wall of the pit was not difficult for an active man to climb, but I hesitated long before I trusted myself within reach of the dreadful creature which had so nearly destroyed me.

How did I know that the beast was not lurking in the nearest clump of bushes, waiting for my reappearance? I took heart, however, as I recalled a conversation between Challenger and Summerlee upon the habits of the great saurians. Both were agreed that the monsters were practically brainless, that there was no room for reason in their ugly cranial cavities and that if they had disappeared from the rest of the world it was assuredly on account of their own stupidity, which made it impossible for them to adapt themselves to changing conditions.

I clambered to the edge of the pit and looked over. The stars were fading, the sky was whitening, and the cold wind of morning blew pleasantly upon my face. I could see or hear nothing of my enemy. Slowly I climbed out and sat for awhile upon the ground, ready to spring back into my refuge if any danger should appear. Then, reassured by the absolute stillness and by the growing light, I took my courage in both hands and stole back along the path which I had come. Some distance down it I picked up my gun and shortly afterward struck the brook which was my guide. So, with many a frightened backward glance, I made for home.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Terrifying Sight.

AND suddenly there came something to remind me of my absent companions. In the clear, still morning air there sounded far away the sharp, hard note of a single rifle shot. I paused and listened, but there was nothing more. A moment I was shocked at the thought that some sudden danger might have befallen them. But then a stupider and more natural explanation came to my mind. It was now broad daylight. No doubt my absence had been noted. They had imagined that I was lost in the woods and had fired this shot to guide me home. It is true that we had made a strict resolution against firing, but if it seemed to them that I might be in danger they would not hesitate. It was for me now to hurry on as fast as possible and so to reassure them.

I was weary and spent, so my progress was not so fast as I wished, but at last I came into regions which I knew. There was the swamp of the pherodactyls upon my left; there in front of me was the glade of the iguanodons. Now I was in the last belt of trees which separated me from Fort Challenger. I raised my voice in a cheery shout to rally their fears. No answering greeting came back to me. My heart sank at that ominous stillness. I quickened my pace into a run. The zarba rose before me, even as I had left it, but the gate was open. I rushed in. In the cold morning light it was a fearful sight which met my eyes. Our effects were scattered in wild confusion over the ground, my comrades had disappeared, and close to the smoldering ashes of our fire the grass was stained crimson with a hideous pool of blood.

I was so stunned by this sudden shock that for a time I must have nearly lost my reason. I have a vague recollection, as one remembers a bad dream, of rushing about through the woods all around the empty camp, calling wildly for my companions. No answer came back from the silent shadows. After a long period, during which I sat in bewilderment, I set myself to try to discover what sudden misfortune could have befallen them. The whole disordered appearance of the camp showed that there had been some sort of attack, and the rifle shot no doubt marked the time when it had occurred. That there should have been only one shot showed that it had been all over in an instant. The rifles still lay upon the ground, and one of them—Lord John's—had the empty cartridge in the breach. The blankets of Challenger and of Summerlee beside the fire suggested that they had been asleep at the time. The cases of ammunition and of food were scattered about in a wild litter, together with our unfortunate cameras and plate carriers, but none of them were missing. On the other hand, all the exposed provisions—and I remembered that there were a considerable quantity of them—were gone. They were animals, then, are not natives, who had made the inroad, for surely the latter would have left nothing behind.

(To Be Continued.)

After having crashed together during a fog outside of Sandy Hook, the Italian liner, San Giovanni and the Swedish steamer Grekland returned to port.

No hostilities between American marines and Santo Domingo rebels have followed the evacuation of the capital by the revolutionists and its occupation by American forces.

A decree has been issued in France prohibiting the importation of all signs and emblems and letters into France and Algeria, except those for the account of the government.

FLOWERS FOR MOTHER'S DAY
JOHN RECK & SON.

TODAY'S WANTS

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Small family, adults. Call 826 Lafayette St. R 13 a*p

WANTED—Winders, steady work and good pay. Apply Employment Office Salt's Textile Mfg. Co. R 11 d*

LOST—Will party who found diamond ring and topaz chased ring in the Stratfield wash room, return same to Stratfield Hotel Barber shop. Reward given, no questions asked. R 16 b*p

LOST—On Main or West St., Newtown, a small gold wrist or bracelet watch with gold chain attached. Initials engraved on back. E. F. W. Reward offered. J. B. Woodhull, Care Newtown Savings Bank, Newtown, Conn. a*

NOTICE

I forbid everybody trusting anybody on my account as I will pay no bills that are contracted by any one but myself from this date. May 13, 1916. R15 s*p CHARLES E. BETHIN.

JEWELRY

DIAMONDS on credit—Diamonds, watches and solid gold. Exclusive designed jewelry. Weekly payments. Will call. Rothblum, 425 State St. downstairs. R 9 t*f

Sales

SAFES—New and second hand; office and house sizes. Walter C. Marsh, 192 Fairfield Ave. A 27 t*f

MONUMENTS MAUSOLEUMS

M. G. KEANE
Stratford Av., Opp. St. Michael's Cem.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Phone 1396-4. Phone 1396-4

MONUMENTS

ARTISTIC—LASTING
Plant operated by pneumatic cutting and polishing tools

HUGHES & CHAPMAN

300 STRATFORD AVENUE
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Kelly's Cigar Store

141 FAIRFIELD AVE.
The best cigars made in imported and domestic brands. Complete line of smokers' supplies.

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FRANK POLKE & SON

EMBALMERS & UNDERTAKERS
181-197 Stratford Ave.
Phone 1590-3
Branch Office, 406 Hancock Ave.
Phone 289

The plant of the Republic Rubber Co. at Youngstown, Ohio, closed since April 29 because of a strike, reopened, many of the employees having returned to work.

One hundred express drivers went on strike in Chicago to force union recognition, and for the re-employment of some members discharged for union activities.

Leut. Gen. Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts, issued a statement denying he had been executed for treason, or that he is a prisoner in the Tower of London, on a charge of espionage, as reported in American newspapers.

SCHOOL

THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, 824 Fairfield Ave. College preparatory, technical and professional schools, civil service, Hotchkiss Hill, etc. Elementary and advanced subjects—personal work with every student. Enrollment not the best preparation for summer examinations or next year's work. R 6 b*

Female Help Wanted

WANTED—Sewers and apprentice girls at Rudine's, 759 Myrtle Ave. R 15 d*

Help Wanted Male

WANTED—Job compositor and stone hand, Horton Printing Co., Meriden, Conn. R 16 a*

WANTED—Cabinet maker. Hoffman Show Case Co., 255 Water St. R 15 a*p

WANTED—Boy to learn the cabinet maker and carpenter trade. 255 Water Street. R 15 a*p

WANTED—Eight men for building moving and rigging. Apply to J. P. Maloney, 443 Hollister Ave. R 15 b*

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply 131 Vine St. Phone 3095. R 11 t*f

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Overland runabout, fine condition. Joe's Barber Shop, 176 Fairfield Ave. R 17 d*p

FOR SALE—15 h. p. upright boiler, first class condition. 255 Water Street. R 15 s*p

FOR SALE—Two family house, East End, 8 rooms, all improvements. Inquire, 107 Linn Ave. R 13 a*p

FOR SALE—6 room cottage, lot 50x150, 1 minute from trolley and school. 20 minutes walk from Remington Arms. Apply Owner, 19 Barnum Terrace, Stratford. R 13 s*p

FOR SALE—New cottage, terms reasonable. Call evenings or Sundays. 474 Fairview Ave. R 5 t*f

PIANO FOR SALE—Huntington Upright Piano, good tone, looks just like new. \$55. Violin, \$25. Square piano, \$5. Fitch, 844 Noble Ave. d*

FOR SALE—In Bridgeport, one-quarter acre of land with six room cottage. Inquire Box 216, Fairfield. R 1 t*f

FOR SALE—Nine room house in West End, on easy payments. Address House, Carey Farmer. U 27 t*f

FOR SALE—One large safe, practically new, bargain, see P. Anderson, 306 Fairfield Ave. U 17 *

FOR SALE—5 passenger car, good condition, ready to run, suitable for a jitney. Cheap for cash. Address W. W. F. Carey Farmer. R 17 t*f

GREATEST BARGAIN in the city in Real Estate. \$3,000 cash buys 20 room fireproof brick apartment house with all modern improvements. Has 6 baths and is located in very desirable section. Can be used as small hotel or for separate apartments. Price very reasonable if bought within a few days. Must be seen to be appreciated. Phone, write or call, L. Weiss, 1438 Main St., Phone 2743-3. U 21 a*p

To Rent

TO RENT—Four nicely furnished room flat, reasonable. Inquire Joe's Barber Shop, 176 Fairfield Ave., upstairs. R 9 d*p

REMOVAL—My real estate and insurance office is now located at 179 Golden Hill St. T. B. Warren, new Tel. 2417. R 5 t*f

RHEUMATISM

MEDICINE FREE

We want the name of every person everywhere who is suffering with rheumatism, so we can send him a free sample bottle of Hill's Rheumatic Remedy. We don't care how long or how severe he has had it, as there are very few cases that have not yielded and been thoroughly cured with it. It works at once. In twenty-four hours it stops the pain. Don't take our word for it—test it at our expense. This is not a new untried thing. For twenty-five years it has been regarded by physicians as practically the only certain treatment for this terrible disease. Over 10,000 Testimonials Like These: Mr. E. M. Ehlers, Sect'y. Grand Lodge of Masons of New York City, writes that: "Although a sufferer from Rheumatism for many years two doses stopped all pain and one bottle cured me." Mr. A. Goldman, Victoria, Texas, says: "I am very well pleased with your medicine; am recommending it very highly. It has done more for me than anything I have ever tried." Marshall F. W. Geraty, of 70 Manhattan St., New York, says: "I have suffered with rheumatism for many years, have tried almost every known remedy but got no relief or cure until I took yours. In forty-eight hours I was entirely cured and free from all pain. I send this uncollected." Hill's Rheumatic Remedy is on sale at most drug stores at \$1.00 per bottle. One bottle generally effects a complete cure. Call or send for free sample bottle and booklet at once. There is no greater service you can perform for humanity than to tell a rheumatic sufferer about this wonderful preparation. Address: Hill Medicine Co., 117 East 34th St., New York, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Good Men Make \$10 a Day on Our Preparations. WRITE NOW—Adv

Ambulances

AMBULANCES—Invalid care and limousines. Charges reasonable. James T. Rourke, 1295 Main street. Phone 1661. D 7 d*

Automobiles

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS ATTENTION: We can save you money on your automobile, fire and liability insurance. Give us a chance to figure before you insure elsewhere. Talmont Goodsell & Co., No. 1094 Main street. Phone No. 81. S 2 s*

Awnings and Sail Maker

SALES, AWNINGS, COAL BAGS. Largest dealer in second hand furniture in the state. We pay more than others; we have no rent to pay. D 10 a|*

Clairvoyants

MRS. LEVY, readings 25c and 50c. Telephone 5552, 1152 Madison avenue, formerly of 674 Madison avenue. D 15 t*f

Doctor

THE MODERN and scientific methods employed in my practice such as electric light rays, neuropathy, chiropractic, massage, hygiene, are in accord with nature and will improve and restore your health. Dr. Adolf O. Steinfadt, Douglas practitioner. Security Building. Tel. 6788; consultation free. B 17 *

Foot Specialist

CORNS removed 50 cents; bunions 50 cents; callouses 50 cents; ingrowing nails 50 cents. Dr. Mansfield, 1107 Main street over Dillon's. D 13 d*

Furniture

SCALLY BROS., 105 STATE ST. Largest dealer in second hand furniture in the state. We pay more than others; we have no rent to pay. D 10 a|*

Insurance

DAMAGE IS ABOUT ALL fire can do to your property. Insurance costing 1-5c a day protects you. All the particulars at D. B. Booth & Co., Conn. Bank Building. S 15 t*f

Inventors

WANTED—Inventors to send for one of my booklets on U. S. and Foreign patent. Mercer D. Biondel, Patent Solicitor. Conn. National Bank Building. B 27 t*f

A YOUNG MAN of good habits would like a position around some business house. Address W. J. Smith, 115 Wall Street. U 5 d*

Merchants' Exchange

Edwin Smith & Co. dealers in guns, fishing tackle and sporting goods. Keys fitted, locks repaired, saws filed, door checks put on and repaired, talking machines, steel tape and light repairing of all kinds at Smith's Gun Store, 95 Wall St., Tel. 4293-3.

RUBBER STAMPS made by us are reliable, we carry a complete line of stamps, supplies, ink pads, deters, rubber type, etc. The Scherwelt Stamp Co., 41 Cannon St. G 15 d*

Shoe Repairing

GOODYEAR SHOE REPAIRING CO., 76 John St., and 945 East Main street. No connection with other so-called Goodyear Shops. We call and deliver. Tel. 1991. Winfield S. Black, Prop. U 1 t*f

ENGRAVED Wedding Announcements, 100 complete with two sets of steel type and light repairing of all kinds at Smith's Gun Store, 95 Wall St., Tel. 4293-3. L 13 t*f

Unclassified

NOW IS THE TIME to get your leaded gutters and roofs repaired. Satisfaction guaranteed. P. C. Brown, 1443 North Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. D 4 d*p

WILL THE PARTY who took the bag of money at 10:40 Thursday morning at Dublin's market on Seaview avenue return same immediately and avoid trouble. R 4 a*p

AGENTS—Our household specialties are big sellers; labor savers for housewife. Nice profit. Write for free booklet. The Fowell Co., Box 144, B.B., Boston, Mass. U 8 s 6 6 6

HATCHING EGGS FOR SALE—S. C. White Leghorns, \$1.50 for 15. White Plains Poultry Farm, Postoffice Box 105, Trumbull, Conn. U 10 a*p

WHITE WYANDOTTE EGGS \$2 and \$5 per setting from prize winning stock. Day old chicks 20c. J. J. Lynch, 466 Fairview Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. S 4 b*

HATCHING EGGS—S. C. Buff Orpingtons from the world's best strain, Owen Farm stock, \$2.50 per 15; S. C. White Leghorns, Borden strain, \$1.00 per 15. Hollister Heights Poultry Yard, Thompson St., Box 208, Stratford. U 22 b*p

Stoves Repaired

STOVES REPAIRED, all kinds supplies, all makes, pipes, grates, bricks, etc. Charges reasonable. 1715 Main St. Phone 2349-4. G 8 t*f

ADVERTISE IN THE FARMER

Physical Treatment

LOUIS F. NUTTING, physical treatments by heat, electricity or manipulation. Rooms 303-319 City Savings Bank, 952 Main street. Office hours: week days 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. R 1 t*f

Positions Wanted

WANTED—Position on farm with house rent by married man. Address T. J. Rabideau, General Delivery, City. R 8 a*

WANTED POSITION as violinist, will also take a few violin pupils. Daniel Callett, 483 Arctic St., Bridgeport. S 28 d*

WANTED—By man and wife, place as coachman and housework. Call 181 Oriand street. D 2 d*

WORK WANTED—Any kind of work by man not afraid of work, 1519 Seaview Ave., 2nd floor. U 17 d*

MUSICIAN—First class experienced violinist. Wants position. Joseph Sileux, Care McConnell, 244 Charles Street, Bridgeport. U 10 a*

YOUNG MAN would like to learn any part of machinist's trade. Salary to start. Address H. Strida, 30 Elm St., City. S 6 d*

POSITION WANTED—Woman about 40 wants position to do general housework, no pastry. N. B. Care of General Delivery, Post Office. U 13 d*